THE WATSONIAN

Vol. II MAY, 1921 No. IV.

ISSUED MONTHLY $1.00 A YEAR 15c PER COPY

PUBLISHED BY

The TOM WATSON BOOK COMPANY

THOMSON, GEORGIA

THE

WATSONIAN

"I had rather go down in a storm than rot tied to the wharf!"—Thos. E. Watson

Vol. II. MAY, 1928 No. IV.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece — The Tammany Gang

Editorials

The Country Wife

Life of Thomas E. Watson

Napoleon's Final Return

A Survey Of The World

The First Party

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

THE TOM WATSON BOOK COMPANY, Publishers

WALTER J. BROWN, Editor

GEORGIA WATSON LEE, Founder and Associate Editor

J. E. TEASLEY, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter February 1, 1927, at the post office at Thomson, Ga., under the act of March 3, 1879

THE FOUR CHIEF FIGURES OF TAMMANY.

Senator Robert F. Wagner, Judge George W. Olvany, Governor Smith and Mayor Walker, Read the Good News of the Democratic Sweep in the Elections From the Ticker at the Wigwam.
(Times Wide World Photos.)

May God forever have pity for our Nation if it should be delivered into the hands of this "Tammany Gang"

See page 99.

THE WATSONIAN

Vol. II. MAY, 1928 No. IV.

EDITORIALS

THE TAMMANY GANG

A careful scanning of the political horizon fills the American voter with fear when he sees an organization whose black hands of corruption have always dug deep in New York politics now boldly and openly attempting to place one of their leaders into the White House.

With this organization, controlled and dominated by the Catholic Hierarchy, the Liquor Ring, and Money Kings, threatening direct control of this nation, and our people blindly being led into the trap because they will not heed the warning, what hope can one hold for our Republic.

We challenge any historian to produce the record of any political organization whose deeds are darker and more opposed to clean government than those of the Society of Tammany. Heretofore they have been satisfied with graft from the New York Treasury, but low and behold they now are trying to get their dirty hands into our national Treasury and capture the entire machinery of our government. **Their eyes are on bigger fish!**

To do this they have selected not merely a tool of Tammany, if you please, **but their favorite son.** In the past they have obtained their end by wire working week-kneed office holders, but now they come out in the open and say, "we are going to elect a President from our own gang. His qualifications are as follows: Roman Catholic, Nullifier, Member of the Society of Tammany, etc. Never held a federal office and in all of his races for Governor has never carried but four of the sixty odd counties in New York State and carried these by the **"Tammany Method."**

Pullman cars are being loaded to their capacity with Smith literature which is being distributed all over America. Money has subsidized the press which is doing its utmost to mould Smith sentiment. Delegates to Houston are literally being bought in order to be voted as Tammany directs. Entire Hotels have been reserved in Houston by Tammany and in that fine old southern city the most expensive lobby ever known will be in operation for the **Tiger of Tammany.**

The greatest political battle ever fought in America is fast approaching. What will the answer be?

May God forever have pity for our nation if it should be delivered into the hands of this **Tammany gang.***

* * * *

WHY THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BIBLE?

Has it ever occured to you while reading the universal advertising of a new print of the Catholic Bible, that in the event of a "good catholic" becoming President he could not conscientiously take his oath of office on the same Bible that has been used by his predecessors?

The Romanist Bible is a comparatively modern and corrupt version of the Scriptures. It was not compiled until 1570 after Christ. The original Vulgate manuscript is under lock and key at the Vatican, not because it is so precious, but because a free inspection of it would disclose its modern makeup, its many mistranslations, its sacriligious interpolations, and its downright forgeries.

The Romanists now revere as the true Bible, a third attempt at a correct translation, the preface of which admits that **"some things were changed."** Perhaps several Papal Scholars worked together on this translation but there were fifty of the best scholars in the world who laboriously toiled in concert to give to those of the Protestant faith the King James Bible. We remain satisfied with our translation while Rome continues to tinker with their Book thus proving that they do not have **a trust-worthy Bible.**

We often wonder if the Protestants of the world appreciate their Bible. It was not until martyrs like Tyndale had lost their lives for the translation of the Bible did the people have access to it. Because Tyndale brought to mankind the light from On High, the Pope strangled him, and burned his body to ashes.

A correct translation of the Scriptures has been withheld from the Roman Catholic laymen and Priests because it uproots the two fundamental beliefs of their religion, namely, **Mary Worship** and **Peter the Successor to Christ.**

A study of the new Testament shows that Christ paid no considerable attention to his mother. Throughout the old Testament, women are treated as distinctly inferior to men. The Bible proves that Christ's mother was not a perpetual Virgin; that she had many children by Joseph, and that the Catholic worship of Mary is unscriptural.

"Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build my Church."

Upon this statement the whole superstructure of the Catholic Hierarchy and the Popedom rests. The very heart and core of Catholicism is that Peter was the first Pope and upon him the Church of God is built and to him and his successors all authority

* For a complete record of the deeds of Tammany read Mr. Werner's "Tammany Hall."

has been given. That is the very keystone of the arch of faith of the Catholic doctrine. On this belief the Pope would not send delegates to a meeting undertaking to form a union of all Churches. In other words, a Catholic's belief is that their Church is the only Church and the Protestant Churches who withdrew from the Mother Church are without God and that we who worship in these Churches are heretics and shall go to hell after death.

Prof. N. B. Hardeman in a sermon at Nashville (Tenn.) completely proves beyond a shadow of doubt that this doctrine is incorrect. He proved by the translation of the Greek words Petra and Petros that the second rock did not refer to Peter and that **Christ did not intend to build his church upon Peter.**

For the sake of argument let us admit that Christ **did** refer to Peter, then it must be perfectly clear to your mind that unless the Catholic Hierarchy can establish unbroken succession to Peter their foundation falls to pieces. The next time you meet a Priest you might ask him how the Pope can claim title through a predecessor who emphatically disowned it, as Gregory the Great did. (Refer page 50 Watson's Roman Catholic Hierarchy.) If you will search the scriptures and historical authorities you will discover that Popery is a comparatively modern invention.

But simply because the Catholics have a different Bible and believe in a doctrine contrary to the teachings of the Scripture does not mean that therein lies the greatest curse of Catholicism. **Indeed No!**

Romanism is a most dangerous political organization and is today trying to capture this nation. The Protestant Churches are blind to the awful dangers. The state authorities are indulging in a fatal security. The general public is strangely apathetic—indifferent to the growth of a religion* which openly denounces freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, and freedom of education; a religion which is **implacably antagonistic** to the very principles upon which our **Republic stands.**

* * * *

HOOVER AND HIS NEGRO ORDER

When Herbert Hoover passed through Atlanta a few months ago en route South he had no time to give anyone except a negro Committeeman with whom he breakfasted.

It is not surprising to read his recent order to put an end to race segregration in one of the bureaus of the Commerce Department.

His motive is clear. He is putting out bait for negro delegates

* There are now 19,689,049 Roman Catholics in the U. S., a gain of over seven and one half millions in fifteen years, 18293 Catholic Churches, 25,773 Priests).

to the next Republican Convention. He will make white women work at the same desks with negro men for the paltry sake of a few votes. He will throw down the bars of social equality in his mad race for the nomination.

These negro employees do not demand such recognition, they do not care for it, as it is embarrassing to white and black alike. Nelson and Thomas were the two agitators for social equality who demanded this order.

Nine tenths of the negroes care nothing whatever for holding office and dabbling in Government affairs. The other tenth do! They follow such leaders as Nelson and Thomas and believe themselves the white man's equal if not superior. This tenth consists of Afro-Americans who have been spoiled by well-meant but mistaken Northern philanthropy, whose heads consequently are full of crazy notions of their own perfectability, moonshine visions of their exalted destiny and similar miscellaneous bosh.

To our harm the word "negro" has held the solid south together. The Democratic party realizing they can hold the south by only broadcasting the word "nigger" has shown no favors to us. The Republican Party realizing this condition exists has allowed a few negro leaders to dish out the patronage in the South and consequently the South stays solid.

It is not to be denied that the negro furnishes a mammoth economical problem, but it is certain that the solution is not to be found in social equality.

Hoover will quickly realize that he can not "Hooverize" this nation with a slap at white supremacy.

* * * *

FOURTH DEGREE OATH OF THE K. OF C.

Printed in the Evening Journal of Wilmington, Del., is an anonymous communication signed "Catholic, New Castle, Del. Feb. 8, 1928". From which we quote.

A yellow sheet containing a slanderous lie against the Society of the Knights of Columbus, is being widely circulated in this community as well as Wilmington. Extracts from an alleged oath, taken by the Fourth Degree Knights are given, but they are too unspeakably vile to be quoted here.

And all this vile calumny is for the purpose of coining money, as it is an advertisement of a book by the late Senator Thomas E. Watson, as foul and malicious a libel against the Catholic Church as one could well imagine.

This Catholic writer wisely refrained from quoting the extracts which he condemns as false, because they forever damn his Church's un-American spirit.

From the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Maine to Florida, the Knights of Columbus have sent telegrams advertising the fact that

two obscure laborers who first printed the alleged Oath, who had neither money nor influence to obtain learned lawyers, pleaded **guilty** when prosecuted for publishing the **Oath of the Knights of Columbus.** Upon this fact the Catholics try to prove the Oath a **fake.** They have **not** offered one particle of evidence to show that it is not **true,** nor have they put before any Judge's or Jury's eyes the **original Oath.** The very fact that they have never done this should be convincing proof that the Oath is correct!

A seceder from Popery, Bishop Manuel Ferrando, has this to say with reference to the "Fake oath".

From what I know myself, having been on the inside of Romanism, I believe the Knights have just such a secret oath that has been published.

Mr. Watson in his book **The Fourth Degree Oath of the Knights of Columbus,** fully convinces any unbiased person that the oath is true, consequently this Catholic correspondent did not dare to quote from him.

Do you remember the ancient quotation "the truth always hurts"? We are sending this book into all parts of the United States and Canada. Its uncovering of some of the sinister oaths sworn to by these professed Knights is sorely HURTING the secret order of The Knights of Columbus!

* * * *

TAKE THE GAMBLING OUT OF COTTON

Thus read an advertisement appearing in a South Carolina paper which endeavored to show that if the farmers would use a 10-4-4 fertilizer instead of a 9-3-3 they would "take the gambling out of cotton". Apparently this Fertilizer Company has a good advertising man.

What a pity we cannot have a Congress with love enough for the farming classes to wipe out the greatest gambling den in the world, the New York Exchange!

Millions of bales of cotton, millions of bushels of wheat being bought and sold which never have been and never will be produced. Such a system of gambling carried on in America at the expense of the men who produce the wealth is **Shameful! and Disgraceful!**

A recent Congressional investigation has completely exposed the robbery of the cotton farmers of their 1927 crop. The stock brokers cry "Supply and Demand" using these words as a sham to hide behind. They cry "overproduction"! When there never has been enough cotton made to properly clothe the world. When they have used their cries until the cotton farmers are obviously beginning to weary of them, a member of the Agricultural Department in Wash-

ington gives out a false report——**Down goes the price!**

Dr. William E. Dodd, Professor of American History at the University of Chicago says:

A hundred and fifty years ago the farmers and the free tenants were the makers of the nation. Their representative a little later formulated one of the greatest of Constitutions. Today the farmer and the tenant seem clearly on the road to peasantry, and neither they nor any of their friends seem able to stay their downward course.

If this process is continued, the United States will cease to be what it was or is intended to be, and the process hastens. The efforts at cooperative marketing, of controlled production, and of effective legislation seem all to have failed. The President vetoes bills without offering better ones; the open and shut markets of the cities continue their unmitigated exploitations: while newer and richer lands cease to offer relief, as of old.

You might ask, "Why is the farmer on the road to peasantry?"

The answer would be, "simply because he is the lowest wage earner in the world."

We have heard much concerning pauperized labor in the Old World, working for a few cents a day. Today we have in the New World, the land of freedom, Farmers in whose veins flow the purest uncontaminated blood of the Anglo-Saxons, working for the merest pittance.

There are 250,000 farmers in Georgia. The average farm is 83 acres; average labor, five persons, and five mules.

Gross value of 1927 Georgia farm products $250,000,000.

Average dollars per farm $1,000.

Average dollars per person $100.

Average dollars per mule $100.

Average per day per person and mule is 30c each.

Who is pleading the cause of Agriculture, the bedrock of this republic?

With the reins of the government completely intrenched in the hands of the tools of Wall Street there is no hope. Unless checked Dr. Dodd says it is **peasantry** for the farmers and **feudalism** for industry and business.

Southern and Western farmers might well take stock of their resources and seek a new deal in the politics of the time.

We must have a great political party composed of an Alliance between the two great Agricultural sections of the **South** and the **West.**

Oh! Where is there a leader who will pick up the banner of Agriculture and fight under it until a system is established in this nation which will guarantee to the farmers cost plus a reasonable **margin of profit for his products.**

* * * *

THE COUNTRY WIFE

BY

THOMAS E. WATSON

ED NOTE—An effort was being made to secure an appropriation of $10,000 for the purpose of sending city women to improve the wives of the country folk when Mr. Watson penned these lines. Mothers day coming in May has caused several requests for this article to appear in The Watsonian.—W. J. B.

As to asking the aid of the Georgia Legislature to make better wives and mothers of the country women of this State: I have rarely known a subject more difficult to discuss patiently within the bounds of moderation. There are thousands of devoted and absolutely admirable wives and mothers in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages, and it gives me pleasure and pride to testify to the fact; but if you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and the true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children, one who is the first to rise in the morning, and the last to retire at night, one who is always at her post of duty, and the one who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both husband and children, one who is keeper of the household and the good angel of it, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy, with no thought of seeing her name in the papers, no thought of fashionable pleasure, perfectly content in quiet home life, in which she does nobody harm and everybody much good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battles of life, smoothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door some day for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life's continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor's wife and to be to him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all toils are done and her strength is departing, will sit calmly in the doorway, watching the setting sun, with a serene smile upon her face, and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where this woman lives, where this type is to be found, and I will make a bee-line for the country.

* * * *

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

By His Grand-Daughter
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER XV.

"IN WASHINGTON CITY"

Well, here we are—wife, children and servants installed in our new home, 129 4th Street, S. E.

I bought the house while in course of construction therefore, we are the first who have occupied it. It is a handsome four story brick building with eight large rooms besides closets, baths, etc. It has all modern improvements and is convenient to the capitol.

We feel sadly out of place here yet and already regret our pleasant Georgia home.

Being in Congress does not seem near so big a thing as when I was campaigning for the place.

The Speaker, Mr. Crisp, is bitterly hostile to me because I would not support him, and will give me no chance to acquit myself with credit.

Will try to do so in spite of him.

It was in keeping with his character that Mr. Watson should enter Congress with the determination so deep rooted in his conscience that treachery, ridicule, or the most subtle form of discouragement, humiliation, could not deter him from his effort to have some of the principles of the Ocala platform inacted into law. His Congressional years were full of slurs and insults that would have wounded him severely had he not been fighting for principles that completely overshadowed personalities.

Party or Principles

In the Speakers race* Mr. Watson was forced to make his first great decision for principles or party. True to himself and his people he chose the former. In so doing he incurred the wrath and scorn of many of his Democratic colleagues, the Speaker, and the Georgia press. He opposed Judge Charles F. Crisp, a Georgian, who was reelected Speaker. The home papers accused him of deserting his party and asked that he resign and come home in disgrace. To this abuse he replied:

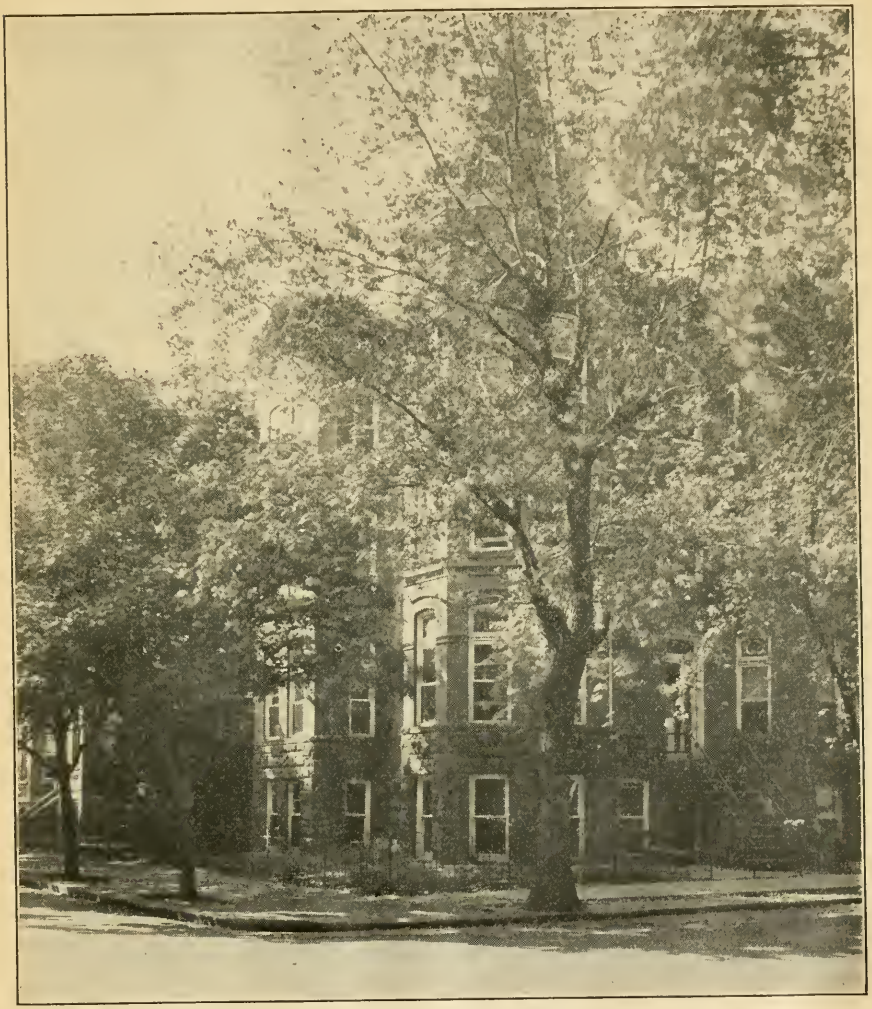
I have my self endeavored to be consistent. I was elected on a certain platform and have endeavored not to forget it. The yard stick was applied to me and thought my instructions were to apply it to others. I did not see how I could vote for Mr. Crisp when he occupied the same position my district had condemned in Maj. Barnes. For this reason a great many editors, who wear five dollar hats on five cent heads, have grown exceedingly and clamor-

* Lack of space prevents me from giving a detailed account of Mr. Watson's term in Congress. I will briefly sketch his outstanding accomplishments.

ously indignant. I am profoundly grateful to the people, for they have judged me more justly.

They have endorsed me with a unanimity wonderfully strengthening.

Mr. Watson further replied to the charge of deserting the Democratic party by saying that he had not left the party, but—



Home of Thos. E. Watson,
Washington, D. C. While in Congress.
(Photographed 1927)

If I ever leave the Party it will be in company with the Democrats, who believe in principles more strongly than they do in Party names. In other words, if the very Democrats to whom I owe my election are driven out of the party by these bosses who treat our demands with hatred, scorn and contempt, I break no faith with these democrats by going with them. On the

other hand, it will be keeping faith with them in the highest sense of the word. It will be giving to their platform the very loyalty they expect and demand.

Crisp was re-elected Speaker by a large majority over his opponents Reed and Watson. As the reader will remember, this was the fifty second Congress; Harrison was President, Martin Vice President; Georgia's Senators were A. H. Colquitt and John B. Gordon. Among Mr. Watson's colleagues were Wm. J. Bryan who later became indentified with him as the Populist Candidate for President, and Henry Cabot Lodge who later became leader of the Republican party.

The Maiden Speech

The question of rules was before the House. To debate the subject each party or side was given three hours for discussion. This procedure entirely excluded the Alliancemen whom Mr. Watson was representing. Naturally Mr. Watson asked that the Alliance, though in minority, be given some share of the time. To this the Chair replied with cutting sarcasm, that as there could never be but two sides to any great question the third party would find themselves on either one side or the other.

Mr. Watson was not to be repressed by this kind of logic. Hastily rising from his seat he stated that though the Alliance knew themselves to be in hopeless minority, unable to accomplish anything, they wished to be put on record. He further stated that as his party professed principles differing from both parties they wished an opportunity to go before the country with them, even if they could not accomplish what they desired. One hour of seven was given to the Alliance Party, with Mr. Watson the floor leader.

The question involved was whether or not the rules would centralize more power around the Speaker and the Committee on Rules. Mr. Watson opened the argument for the Alliancemen and used this opportunity to place in the record their demands. He briefly outlined these demands and showed his convictions to the principles by saying:

> May God Almighty strike my lips into silence when I face my audience and not be proud to announce such a creed. Standing here today in the magnificent gathering of America's representative men, I say that the toiling millions are looking toward those principles as their means of relief.

He then criticised a procedure which allowed the concentration of power in the hands of the Speaker and said:

> that no time in the history of this country had there ever been witnessed the submission of that issue to the people by which a power was given to the Speaker of the House making him the autocrat of the House.

We ask that this Government be again rededicated to its original principles. We ask no more. We ask that much. We insist upon that much. We insist that this Government shall again be brought back to its foundations so that it may be a government of the people, and for the people.

Interest on Bonds

On January 5th, 1892, Mr. Watson introduced a resolution known as H. R. 85, to prevent the payment in advance by the Secretary of the Treasury of interest on bonds. This was his first move in Congress against the National Banks.

Income Tax

On the same day he introduced a bill, H. R. 86, to create an Income Tax. Taxing all incomes over $10,000 in the following proportions. Ten to twenty thousands 3% of said income; twenty to forty 4%; forty to eighty 5%; eighty to one hundred 6%; one hundred to two hundred 10%; two hundred to four hundred 15%; all incomes over four hundred thousand dollars 20%.

Subtreasury

H. R. 6660, Feb. 29th, 1892, to establish a system of Sub-treasuries; to be established when petitioned by 100 men of a county and by proof show that in said county the gross amount per annum of farm products exceed $500,000. The purpose of the bill is given in the first sentence of Section 2 as follows: "That any owner of cotton, wheat, corn, oats or tobacco may deposit same in the Subtreasury nearest the point of its production and receive therefor treasury notes hereafter provided for equal at the date of deposit eighty per centum of the net value of such products, etc."

Some Evils of Class Legislation

On February 17th, Mr. Watson addressed the House on this subject. He pleaded the cause of the American farmer, emphasizing the distress of the southern cotton farmer. Speaking of the agricultural depression in 1891, brought about more or less because of the low price of cotton, he gave statistics which proved that the fluctuation in the acres planted for 1890 and 91 were less than 5 per cent; the fluctuation in the price was more than 30 per cent. These figures offset the claim made then and made now that when cotton goes down it is because of an over supply.

One of the evils of class legislation which Mr. Watson gave as an example was the official report of a President of a National Bank who had resigned to become the Democratic Nominee for Vice-President on the Hancock ticket. The report showed that the bank over a period of fourteen years had made a profit of $2,383,000.00 on an investment of $500,000.00 in capital stock. Concluding he said:

Is not that one explanation of why the Agricultural states are so depressed and that they come here before this national council and beg that these grievances be redressed?

Mr. Chairman, I say in conclusion. This class legislation has been the bane of our country. Unless it is checked the free institutions which we all loved are doomed to perish.

Freedom of Trade

IT RESTS UPON THE SAME PRINCIPLES AS FREEDOM OF BALLOT, FREEDOM OF THOUGHT, AND FREEDOM OF WORSHIP".

These words were the key to an address delivered by Mr. Watson in the house on the first of April. The House was in committee of the whole and had under consideration a bill to reduce the duties on woolen goods. In his address he denounced with every ounce of his energy the principles of protection by a Tariff.* In discussing the position of the two parties he said:

The Republicans declare themselves in favor of protection as a principle (and in order to escape it) reciprosity as a practise, the Democrats say that free trade, as a governmental principle is thoroughly right, but they decline to accept it as a rule of action.

In conclusion he proved by quoting incidents in history that tariff had been the ruination of every country in which it had long been in vogue, how it destroyed Spain in spite of natural advantages, industrious population and great seaports; how it was destroying France until the French Revolution.

Pinkerton's Detective Agency

Charging that the Corporations had no right to hire this standing army of Pinkerton men to go about the country shooting the laborers, who had rebelled because of deplorable conditions, Mr. Watson waged relentless warfare on the floor of Congress against "the Pinkerton gang."

Automatic Car Couplers

Defying the great railroad lobby, Mr. Watson as floor leader was successful in putting through Congress a bill requiring all railroads to equip their cars with a device which has saved the lives and limbs of untold numbers of railroad employees. This bill put the railroads to a great amount of expense and they did everything in their power to defeat it. Mr. Watson was determined to have the bill passed because of a personal experience. One day a few months previous his nephew had lost his right arm in coupling a car while employed by the Georgia Railroad.

Charged of Selling Out to the Republicans.

Almost every prominent reformer has suffered a certain amount

* In Watson's Political and Economic Handbook one will find a complete line of argument against the tariff.

of ostracism and abuse from the very people whose conditions he endeavors to improve. Many of Mr. Watson's friends advised him to seek reform within the Democratic Party. The reasons for not doing this will be discussed in a subsequent chapter "A New Party is Born." From the beginning to the end of his career he was accused of deserting the Democratic Party for the Republicans. Among the first of these unjust accusations was a dispatch from E. W. Barrett, Clerk to Speaker Crisp, and also correspondent for the Atlanta Constitution in which paper the dispatch appeared. The article charged Mr. Watson of voting for a Republican, Stewart against a Democrat, Craig in a contested case for a seat in congress between these two men. Mr. Barrett in his communication further stated that Mr. Watson expected to be reimbursed by Republican votes and Campaign boodle when he sought reelection in the fall. This was a most serious charge, and needless to say Mr. Watson waxed wrath when the daily Constitution reached his office.

When the House convened the next morning, after the reading of the Journal, he rose to a question of personal privilege. He launched a blistering attack on the Speaker, the Constitution, and Mr. Barrett. We quote from a Washington paper:

If one of the reading clerks should denounce as corrupt one of the members of the House, the House would be startled and reply would be made.

But when the clerk to the Speaker of the House denounces through public print a gentleman whom he knew to be a political opponent of the Speaker, the justification was still more complete.

The statement in the newspaper (Constitution), so far as it pretended to state facts was false. The Speaker knew it to be false, and the gentleman who wrote it knew it to be false, and every member of the House knew it to be false.

Since he (Watson) had been in the House he had attempted to establish a character for openness and manliness and fairness. Ever since he had been there the clerk to the Speaker had thought it his duty to disparage him, to ridicule him, and to misrepresent him. The climax had now been reached and patience was no longer a virtue. He denounced the insinuation, cowardly as it was, as a base and infamous falsehood.

To Be Continued in the June Issue.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE I WILL DISCUSS MR. WATSON'S OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENT "RURAL FREE DELIVERY". ALSO THAT FAMOUS **PHRASE** WHICH WAS INCORRECTLY ATTRIBUTED TO HIM, "WHERE AM I AT." G. W. L.

NAPOLEON'S FINAL RETURN

Much has been said about Napoleon's return from Elba. Comparatively little has been said about his return from St. Helena. Twice was he banished by the confederated kings of Europe. The first time, he was sent away to Elba, and given a miniature kingdom there. He was allowed a toy empire as a play--thing. Bursting the bars of this cage, the giant sprang once more upon the soil of France; gave his banner to the breeze; made his appeal to the French heart and soul, and thus single-handed, overthrew the Bourbon Dynasty which the allied kings of Europe had forced upon the French at the point of bayonet.

The second time, after those horrible mistakes and treacheries which caused him to lose the battle which he should have won at Waterloo, he was banished. In this second and final banishment, there was no semblance of royalty; there was no pretense of imperial state. He was not given a toy kingdom to play with. He was not allowed to pose as Emperor. His captivity was made to assume all the rigors of reality. In every possible way he was humiliated and made to suffer. They tortured him relentlessly, systematically, vindictively, until the grave closed over him.

After this, the years came in and the years went out. Changes took place in Europe. The Divine Right for which Metternich, William Pitt, Talleyrand and the Pope had constantly struggled, was driven away to take its place among those chains, those yokes, those intolerable fetters which the human race in its progress upward has cast aside. Democracy, whose soldier Napoleon had been, once more became ascendant. France found herself again. In her freedom, clothed in her right mind, answering the promptings of her own heart, she demanded the return of her greatest ruler. That return is the most dramatic event recorded by history. The funeral of Alexander the Great was as nothing compared to it. The public burning of the corpse of Julius Caesar, pierced with wounds dealt him by those whom he trusted, was as nothing compared to it. Among all the children of men none have had such a final escort to the tomb as was given by the French people to this dead Corsican, who had gone out, moneyless and friendless, to a charity school, and who from that charity school had gone forth to enquer the world in which he lived, and to lay his mighty impress upon history for all time to come.

This return of Napoleon to France has been described by Mr. Watson in his "Life of Napoleon" as quoted below:

Extract From Watson's "Life of Napoleon."

One day, at St. Helena, there was a stormy interview between prisoner and jailer, between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe. The book from Hobhouse had been kept by the governor, and this and many other things the captain resented.

"I detained the book because it was addressed to the Emperor," said Lowe.

"And who gave you the right to dispute that title?" cried Napoleon indignantly.

"In a few years your Lord Castlereagh and all the others, and you yourself, will be buried in the dust of oblivion; or, if your names be remembered at all, it will be only on account of the indignity with which you have treated me; but the Emperor Napoleon will continue forever the subject, the ornament of history, and the star of civilized nations. Your libels are of no avail against me. You have expended millions on them; what have they produced? Truth pierces through the clouds; it shines like the sun, and like the sun it cannot perish!"

To which proud boast Sir Hudson Lowe replied, as he records, "You make me smile sir."

Sir Hudson may have smiled then, and may have kept on smirking as long as Napoleon lived. Nothing seemed less likely than that the prophetic words of the prisoner would come true. But there came a time when Sir Hudson did not smile. When death had released the prisoner, and the faithful companions of his years of misery went home and told their story,—O'Meara in England, Las Casas and Montholon in France,—Sir Hudson did not smile; for all Europe rang with his name, and all generous hearts condemned him. He turned to British courts for vindication, and did not get it. He applied to the English ministers for high, permanent employment and liberal pension, and he got neither the one nor the other. Young Las Casas invited him to fight, and he did not fight. He dropped into a contempt which was so deep and so universal that even Wellington, in effect turned his back upon the creature he had used, having no further need for just such a man.

"You make me smile, sir," said amused Sir Hudson, when the shabbily clad, prematurely decrepit man, standing on the hearth of his dismal room, prophesied his political resurrection and his final triumph over his enemies. Had Castlereagh heard, he also would have smiled, not foreseeing that ghastly climax to political prostitution, when, after a lifetime of truckling to royalism and of doing its foulest work, he should find the whole world turn black, should cut his own throat, and be followed to his tomb by the hoots of an English mob!

Wellington, too, would have been amused at hearing the prisoner's prophecy; would have thought Napoleon insane, not foreseeing the perilous times in England when the progress of liberalism would break the line of his Tory opposition, would win triumphs for reform in spite of his threat that he would have his dragoons "sharp grind their sabres as at Waterloo." With the windows of his London home smashed by a British mob, with millions of liberals shouting demands for better laws, so fiercely that even Wellington gave up trust in those sharp-ground swords, there came a day when the Iron Duke may have remembered the prophet of St. Helena, and read the words again —without a smile.

In a few years you and all the others will be buried in the dust of oblivion; but the Emperor will live forever, the ornament of history, the star of civilized nations!"

It was a proud boast and proudly has time made it good. In a few years the Bourbons had played out their shabby parts on the throne of France, and had gone into final and hopeless exile, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Liberalism had risen from defeats, and made its will supreme. Both in England and in France the Old Order had passed away; principles more enlightened prevailed. A new day had dawned, not cloudless nor free from storm, but better and brighter than 1815 or 1821. In the year of Our Lord 1840, the thought of the two great nations turned to the grave at St. Helena. France asked, and England gave—whom? The Emperor! Not "Bonaparte" nor "General Bonaparte," but Napoleon, "the Emperor and king."

The grave at St. Helena was opened; the perfectly preserved face, beautiful in death, uncovered amid sighs and tears; and then the body, taken away to be entombed "upon the banks of the Seine in the midst of the people whom I have so much loved," was received on board a royal ship, by a prince of the Bourbon house of Orleans, with masts squared, flags flying, cannon booming, drums beating, and every note of triumph swelling the pomp of that imperial reception.

With a vast outpouring of the people, France welcomed the greatest Frenchman home.

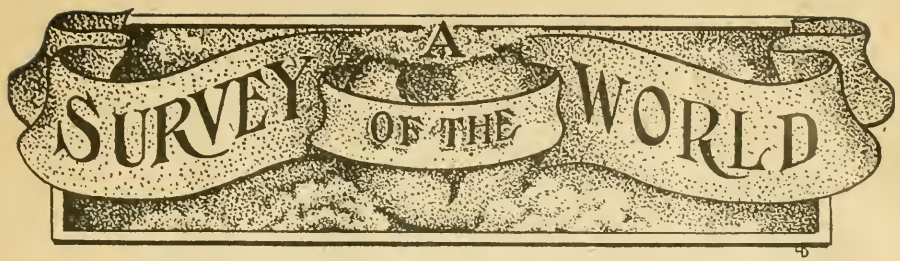
"Truth cuts through the clouds; shines like the sun; and like the sun it is immortal!" Sublime confidence, sublimely justified!

"You make me smile, sir," said Lowe; but that was many years since. It is 1840 now, and Napoleon's turn has come.

From king to peasant, all France starts up to meet her returning hero. He comes back to a throne which none dispute. He comes back to a dominion no Marmont can betray. Allied kings will league themselves in vain to break that imperial supremacy. No Talleyrand or Fouche or Bourmont can find for treachery a leverage to overthrow that majestic power. No. It is secure in a realm which envy and malice and ignoble passion may invade, but cannot conquer. It has linked itself with things immortal; and for this imperial career and fame there can be no death.

Let Cherbourg's thousand guns salute! Let triumphal arches span the Seine as he passes on his way! Let hill and slope and river bank hold their gazing hosts! Let flowers and garlands shower down on the bier from every bridge. Let aged peasants drop on reverent knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover the weeping faces with trembling hands! Cold is this December day; but winter cannot chill this vast enthusiasm. From the quay, where the funeral barge moors, to the Church of the Invalides where the tomb waits, a million people throng the route. Streets, avenues, squares, balconies, windows, roofs, trees—all are full of people. Cannon, drums, military bands, the tramp of men and war-horses, the glitter of endless lines of soldiers, the songs which rouse the passions and the memories, the shouts of dense crowds stirred by electrical emotions—all these mark this December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest. There is the white war-horse, not Marengo, but one like him; and upon the horse is the saddle and the bridle Napoleon had used. There are his old Marshals, Moncey, Soult and Oudinot; there are Bertrand and Gourgaud and Las Casas, the faithful companions of his long exile. But above all there are the relics of his ancient wars to come weeping around the bier; and there is a remnant of his Old Guard to march with him to his tomb. Oh, the magic of the mighty dead! No freezing

(Continue on page 127)



THE COUNCIL of the League of Nations at Geneva unquestionably has dealt with serious subjects. Not the least of these is the difficulties that lie along the path of military readjustment and disarmament, and the League at the present, is confronted by a question of tremendous importance along this line.

By the peace treaties of 1919, Hungary, like Germany, was disarmed, while her neighbors, especially Rumania and Jugoslavia, were heavily armed. Not only was she deprived of the arms she possessed, but was prohibited from acquiring new weapons. Nevertheless, the neighboring countries (Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania) formed the so-called "Little Entente" for protection in the event of the resurrection of Hungarian militarism and established a special guard to see that she followed the restrictions of the treaties.

Provisions of the treaty of peace to the contrary notwithstanding, the most disturbing and sensational situation that Central Europe has experienced in some time developed out of the discovery of a surreptitious shipment of five car loads of machine guns from Italy to Hungary by detectives of France and the Little Entente. Both Italy and Hungary were immediately accused of infringement of the provisions prohibiting such a shipment of arms. Mussolini refused to admit that the shipment was in violation of the treaties, and intimated that Italy would oppose an investigation by the League authorities, which was demanded by the Powers of the Little Entente.

Mussolini's protest is obvious. Fascist Italy, always concerned with its own advancement, has directed its best efforts towards the extermination or check of the influence of the Little Entente, as it recognizes therein an instrument of French domination on the Continent. It has sought to detach Rumania from the Entente and has deliberately antagonized Jugoslavia. If Mussolina had expressed regret or condemnation of the shipment of arms the affair might have been allowed to drop. But he took advantage of the occasion to oppose the investigation that was demanded of the Geneva organization.

The Hungarian Premier, Count Bethlem, also denied the League's authority to investigate and

ordered the guns broken to be sold as scrap iron. League authorities considering this a direct defiance wired Count Bethlem requesting that the sale of evidence be delayed. His answer was that the sale could not be postponed, but that he would request the purchaser to leave the goods unmolested for the present. He further asserted that their request had been received with surprise and again denied their power of investigation.

In the final analysis, however, the main issue is not so much the facts about the arms shipment itself as the consequences of Hungary's denial of the League's right of investigation, and leads one to wonder how other countries can be expected to be submissive to the provisions of the peace treaties if Hungary makes good her contention.

Appreciating the fact that the League has been heretofore confronted by many intricate and perplexing situations, it is doubtful whether they have been faced with one of such vast consequence. The Little Entente is determined upon an investigation; France is supporting her allies; Italy thought the interest of all concerned would be benefited by overlooking the matter; Germany is upholding the Little Entente in its demand for investigation, while Great Britain with other powers are awaiting developments anxiously but silently. If Hungary can successfully defy the League on the first serious question that arises in this regard, the League's power to control armaments in the defeated countries will be automatically lost. If the League enforces its authority, its power will be correspondingly increased.

* * *

PREMIER MUSSOLINI'S action in prohibiting creation of any new and suppressing within a month all existing organizations for the education of the youth of Italy other than those controlled by the national Balilla, an organization established and operated by Fascisti, resulted in a bomb shell effect in ecclesiastical and political circles throughout the world and especially has interest centered lately on the Vatican's sudden outburst against Fascist tactics. Pope Pius in a recent address to the Diocesan Board said that he and his bishops were extremely grieved at the realization of the existence of a "complete plan tending to a veritable monopoly of juvenile education, not only physical, but moral and spiritual."

Following the Pope's criticism of Fascism, Il Duce carried out his threatened steps by proposing a measure suppressing all Catholic institutions for the training of youth, which was approved by the Cabinet Council. Thus the Pope's complaint that the Fascisti sought a "monopoly in the education of youth" has been answered by a step which makes

that monopoly absolute.

The Pope and his satellites have always launched the poisoned shafts of bitter religious hatred against the system of popular education, and the interference by the Premier in the Catholic direction of its youth is unparalleled with the sole exception of the courageous Calles of Mexico.

Manifestly an element of danger is introduced when one considers the characteristics of the two chief protagonists. When their minds have been definitely fixed, both the Premier and the Pope are exceedingly determined men. A wonderful opportunity has presented itself for the outburst of that latent hostility which has existed between the Quirinal and the Vatican for many years, and considering the inextricable determination of the two leaders, the breach seems irreparable at the present time.

The Catholics denounce secular education and public schools, because, under the papal system, the child is never to be permitted to do its own thinking. Its plastic brain must be papalized, in order that the child—grown to manhood or womanhood—be atrophied on one side of its mind. Unless the present system of instruction is changed, we hope that Mussolini will succeed in abolishing forever all Catholic educational institutions. But if the Premier has undertaken this action for the promotion of his own selfish interests and for the advancement of his own Fascisti, the youth of Italy will have gained but little.

* * *

PRESIDENT CALLES of Mexico has signed the document including new regulations that alter the effect of those Mexican Oil laws which the United States termed as "retroactive and confiscatory." Clearly, the new regulations would not have been signed except for the fact that the U. S. is exceedingly fortunate in having a competent and qualified Ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow, in Mexico City.

Under the existing relations between the U. S. and Mexico, the State Department has completely reversed its attitude towards the Mexican problem of a year ago, and has now warned all U. S. oil men that they need no longer depend on assistance from the Department in opposing the new regulations, as they feel that "such questions, if any, as may hereafter arise can be settled through the Mexican administrative departments and the Mexican courts." In the comparatively short time Mr. Morrow has been in Mexico City, therefore, he has succeeded in removing an obstacle that has embittered the U. S. and Mexico for a full decade.

Mexican Catholics have unsheathed their swords in a violent attack on the ambassador in the forms of printed sheets issued by the League for Defense of Re-

ligious Liberty. The league's attack is considered the first manifestation of Catholic disappointment over the successful termination of the oil controversy which removes the only possibility of a clash between the two governments. It is obvious, however, that Mr. Morrow cannot be intimidated by these attacks, but certainly he is disappointed as he has made earnest unofficial efforts to discover a solution for the present religious impasse.

* * *

KING VICTOR IMMANUEL was scheduled recently to enter Piazza Giulio Cesare for the inauguration of the sample fair. Ten minutes before the appointed hour a bomb concealed in the base of the flagstaff exploded with terrific violence. The effect of the explosion was devastating and spent its force on those crowded thickly around the flagstaff waiting for the King. Fifteen persons were killed, forty injured, and hundreds were crushed or bruised in the ensuing panic. A timing device on the bomb should have caused it to explode on the arrival of the King, but either because he was a few minutes late or something went wrong with the device it exploded before the sovereign appeared on the scene. The outside world joins King Victor Emmanuel's own subjects in felicitating him on his narrow escape.

* * *

THE OVERWHELMING RESULT of the Chicago election on April 10th indicated plainly that the conscience of the respectable people of Illinois had been pained and that they resented the political machine that has disgraced Chicago and Illinois. The people apparently were not outspoken in their protests, but it is obvious that they were forming a powerful resolve to express their dissatisfaction of the Thompson-Small-Crowe faction with votes at the first opportunity. Consequently this machine went down the bitterest path of defeat that has been recently witnessed at any election.

"It is now plain to the dullest that Chicago did not like being made the laughing-stock of the whole country by the antics of Mayor Thompson. He piled up his offenses until they became unbearable. The buffoonery, or worse, of his attacks on the school system under Superintendent McAndrew; his silly appeal to take arms against wicked English propaganda; his trying to hide his short-comings in flag-waving and shouting "America First"—all these things have nettled and galled the sensible residents of a city in which they wished to take their old pride. They nursed their grievances until election day, when they caused them to explode violently in the face of the astonished "Big Bill", editorialed the New York Times.

Says the Chicago Tribune, "Illinois has purged herself of her shame. The victory is not the work of one man or of a factional machine. It is the work of an outraged citizenship resolved to end the corruption, the machine gunning, the pine-appling, and the plunder-

(Continued on page 126)

THE FIRST PARTY

By ALLEN L. POWELL, Dallas, Texas.

We are so prone to speak of any new movement as a Third Party movement. And we continue to speak of it as such until it actually takes first place in the government by electing to the presidency of the United States its candidate. With this method of thinking every new party movement that has arisen since 1860 has remained a Third Party movement until its demise.

But there is a movement that has arisen in this nation that now deserves the title of being called the First Party Movement. William Jennings Bryan has often said that if the history of the last forty years were to be written that there was but one man that was capable of writing that history. That one man was Thos. E. Watson of Georgia.

Probably no one man that lived during that period had more influence in bringing about the enactment of laws favorable to the best interests of the people than did this illustrious statesman of Georgia. And certain it is that no political party has succeeded in having placed on our statute books more beneficial laws than has that political party with which Mr. Watson was associated and under whose banner he was candidate for the presidency of the United States.

It was the movement that grew into the People's Party that first championed the cause of the Income Tax. And that tax has now been written into the United States constitution. And with the passing of time its beneficiary results will develop more and more to the aid of the great common people of this nation.

Another tax reform advocated by this same movement was that of the Inheritance Tax. This, too, has become a reality, and with the passing of time, it too will become more and more beneficial to the common people.

This same movement was the first to really bring to the attention of the people the issue of the popular election of the United States Senators. And Thomas E. Watson has lived to see this become a part of our Constitution.

When the People's Party pressed the primary election they were hooted at as fanatics. But this is an accepted part of the law of nearly every state, if not every state, in the union. And it has proved the wisdom of those multitudes who demanded this right to choose their candidates for office by popular vote.

The initiative and referendum are a reality in many of the states and along with this measure has come the recall in some of the states and in many of the larger cities.

The Postal Savings Banking System has given to every person the right to place his money where it is absolutely guaranteed to him by the government and where it will draw a small amount of increase. While this is not all we demanded it is a long step in the right direction.

The parcels post system has enabled the farmers in the most remote section to purchase anything that he wants and to secure same at the most advantageous prices. It has been one of his greatest aids in time of need.

And probably the greatest boon to the farmer and the rural dweller has been the result of that first appropriation secured by the great leader of this movement, Thos. E. Watson, when he secured the first appropriation of ten thousand dollars as a test for rural free delivery. That system has placed the daily paper and the farm weekly at the door step of millions of rural dwellers

(Continued on page 128)

ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

CHAPTER XIV.

The doctrine of Purgatory; Mercenary position of Roman Catholic priests in reference to it.

Suppose that you knew there was a sort of near-hell, in which the souls of the near-damned were writhing in flames; and suppose you knew that your prayers could save these tortured souls; would you, immediately, and gratuitously, pray those suffering souls out of their torment; or would you wait until somebody produced your price, and paid you for your prayers? If nobody offered you the money that you demanded, would you then virtually say to those souls in torment, "Go to hell!" Or would you, out of Christian sympathy, pray them into salvation?

The Romanist priests know that there is a sort of ante-Chamber to hell. They know that souls are detained in this near-hell—souls not quite wicked enough to be delivered to the Devil, but not quite saintly enough for Heaven. The priests know which souls go straight to hell; those that go to Heaven; and those that are held up, in Purgatory. Not only do they know what souls are agonizing there, but they know just how many masses must be said to secure their release. So they pretend.

How can intelligent Roman Catholics fail to see what a horrible thing it is for the priests to refuse to save those tortured souls, voluntarily, immediately, and gratuitously? The position of the priest is this:

"I know that the soul of your father (or mother, or child, or husband, or wife) is in the flames of Purgatory; I know that a certain number of masses will be its salvation; I can say those masses, which will only cost my breath; but I refuse to rescue this lost soul unless I am paid cash, in advance, at so much per mass."

How much Christian spirit is there in a position like that? How much Christianity is there in a priesthood which, by deeds that speak louder than words, proclaim to the world—

"We could instantly throw open the portals of Purgatory and snatch every one of its brands from the burning. We could gladden our Lord and His angels with the multitude of lost sheep returned to the fold; we could give eternal bliss to countless souls who are doomed to everlasting pain—but we won't do it, unless we are paid our price, in money."

Great God! That such a preposterous doctrine should win countenance and support, in America! You'd think that a priest, whose calling is to save souls, would be ashamed to occupy such a position. You'd think that he, like the Savior, would make the sacrifice to save lost souls, instead of compelling laymen to do it. You'd think that the priest would have a profounder commiseration for the tortured soul, than any layman could possibly have. You'd think he would realize that his doctrine justified the rational conclusion, that Purgatory is an invisible Papal estate, of which imperceptible parcels are sold to dupes who have been carefully educated out of their common sense.

How can a priest know which souls were halted in Purgatory? How can a priest know how many masses will effect a deliverance? How can a priest know when the imprisoned spirit is released, and sent its Heavenward way, rejoicing? And why is it that one priest will put the number and price of the required masses at one figure, and another priest, at another? When priests differ on a point like that, who is to tell which one is right?

Sir Hiram Maxim relates an incident which occurred in Ireland:

A well-to-do Catholic died, leaving a will, in which a Protestant was named executor. There was a bequest for the masses to be said for the repose of the testator's soul. On publication of the will, the local priest promptly called on the Executor, and demanded 100 pounds (about $484) for the saying of the masses. The executor asked the priest how many masses would be necessary in that case. The priest named the number. The executor deferred the matter, telling the priest to return in two weeks. Grumbling the priest departed. At the end of two weeks, he returned and renewed the demand. The executor blandly explained that he had in the interval, applied to Rome, where the masses had been said for 20 pounds—about $96.80. Papers, duly signed and sealed at the Vatican, proved the executor's statement. There was nothing for the greedy priest to do but scowl, and take himself off. By getting the benefit of competition, the executor saved the estate nearly $400. In the sale of nothing, sharp rivalry is inevitable among sellers. The supply being inexhaustible, the demand unlimited, the cost of production nothing, and the delivery of the goods taken for granted, the conditions are ideal for the most lively competition among the sellers—they being innumerable, perpetual and insatiable.

Suppose that it can be proved to your satisfaction that the doctrine of Purgatory was an article of ancient pagan faith, that it was a belief among the Greeks and the Romans, two thousand years before Christ—what will be your verdict, as to the Roman Catholic Purgatory? Suppose that it can be shown, furthermore, that the Jews borrowed this idea from the older religions, and acknowledged an intermediate state, between Heaven and hell, lasting one year after death?

In 1742, there was published, in London, a ponderous volume entitled "An Historical Dictionary of all Religions, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time." Its author was Thomas Broughton, A. F. Following the custom of that day, he did not publish his expensive volume until he had secured a sufficient number of subscribers to it.—meaning, of course, those who would purchase copies. On this list, I notice the names of the celebrated Horace Walpole; also the Duke of Marlborough, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Leeds; Rev. Howard, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales; the Bishop of Bristol, and numerous scholars and clergymen of the highest distinction. It is a fair inference that the author of the book was regarded as eminently qualified to handle his vast subject.

The work has long been out of print; but I was fortunate enough to locate a copy in Canada, and it is before me as I write.

On page 297, of Part 2nd, we come upon—

"Purgatory. By this word, Divines understand the state of those souls, which having departed out of this life without expiating certain offenses or impurities, which do not merit eternal damnation, and not having undergone the punishment due to their sins, are supposed to suffer certain punishments inflicted on them in the intermediate state, before they are admitted to the happiness of Heaven. This notion was held by Pagans, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans."

Now, observe that the pure doctrine was that the sinful soul in Purgatory must itself suffer punishment, before being admitted to Paradise. It had had the opportunity to repent and obtain pardon, while on earth. Failing in this, the soul must suffer and the sins be expiated, by punishment, as a condition precedent to salvation. There is no hint that the prayers of the living can avail those who refused to secure, on earth, the forgiveness of their sins.

Continuing, the author of the comprehensive "Dictionary" states:

"A Purgatory (i. e. Purification) of the soul, after death, was one of the tenets of Platonic philosophy, as it is thus beautifully explained by Virgil:

"Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoined;
Some plunged in water, others purged in fires;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
'Till all the dregs are drained and all the rust expires.
All have their Manes, and those Manes bear;
A few, so cleansed, to the abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample field, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No speck is left, of their hapitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains."

Virgil, the prince of Roman poets, flourished half-a-century before Christ; Plato, the Grecian philosopher, developed his system 350 years before the first Christian church was founded.

It will be remarked, that in the Platonic Purgatory, as described by Virgil, there is absolutely no escape from the purification. The soul itself must be cleansed of stain—by wind, or water, or fire. The time for vicarious atonement was passed; the sinner must pay his penalty.

The Jews—an Eastern people, imbued with Eastern superstition—believed in a Purgatory, limited to twelve months. In the books of the Rabbins (according to Broughton's Dictionary) are several stories of people in Purgatory, and of their rescue, which resemble in naive simplicity, the folk-lore tales of the Orient; and such fiction as "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Cinderella's Slipper," "Jack the Giant-Killer," and "Alice in Wonderland.' They were written at a time when the Israelites believed the world was flat; and that it was a sin for a priest to trim his hair.

While it seems to be true that the Jews believed in prayers for the dead, it is equally true that anybody interested in the departed could say these prayers, and that nobody paid for them.

Next, let us see what the followers of Mohamet believe, in this matter of Purgatory.

I quote again, from Broughton's Dictionary:

"The orthodox Mohammedans believe that men are judged immediately after their death, and that the wicked are tormented, before the general resurrection, in their graves." But Mohamet can save them at the last day. This intermediate punishment is the Purgaory; and no earthly prayer can save them from it. But there is another form of the Mohammedan Purgatory:

"Between the happy and the damned there is a veil of separation; and upon the Araf there are men, or angels in the shape of men, who know every one that is in that place by the marks which they bear." (Koran.)

The Mohammedans believe that the souls detained upon the Araf have not merit enough to enter Paradise, nor demerits enough to carry them to hell. On the day of judgment, they will be summoned before their Creator, will prostrate themselves in adoration and will thus acquire merit which, outweighing the demerits, passes them in among the sheep.

Here, too, there isn't the faintest intimation that these souls in probation can be saved by mortal supplication. They are in the supernatural world, beyond the reach of the natural, and only the grace of Jehovah can pardon their transgressions.

The sordid, shameless, monstrous doctrine, that nobody but a priest can liberate these wretched captives, and that he will not relieve their agony and save their souls, until his itching palm is crossed with silver, is confined to the Roman Hierarchy. No other "church" was ever so amazingly callous as to take the position that it can liberate all the tortured souls in Purgatory, but won't unless lavishly hired to do it!

The ancient Romans had their purgatory: it was called Tartarus. Herein souls were detained, until purified, and made fit for Olympus—the Roman abode of the gods. In a letter which the emperor Julian ("the Apostate") wrote to a Roman Catholic priest, he uses this language:

"If we serve Him (God) religiously, will He fail to draw our souls from the darkness of Tartarus, He who knows all that are detained there? Assuredly, those regions do not limit His power, since He promises to religious mortals to make them pass from Tartarus to Olympus."

No hint here of purchase of transportation.

The philosopher Pythagoras, from whom Plato derived his doctrine of purgatory, taught that detained souls were purged by fire. This wonderfully gifted sage flourished more than 500 years before Christ. He was the first to teach that the sun was a movable sphere, and the center of the Universe. He did not, however, originate the idea of purgatory. He had studied 25 years in Egypt, had been taught by her priests all the mysteries of her religion, and had accepted from them the doctrine of the intermediate existence of the souls, betwen Heaven and hell.

Is there warrant for Purgatory in the Bible?

It must be admitted that the Jews offered prayers for the dead; but any

Jew could do so. The practice was not restricted to the priesthood. There was no ritual on the subject; and the practice never became institutional. Prayers for the dead were not obligatory. They could be said, or left unsaid, at the option of those concerned about the deceased. The underlying faith was that the deceased, detained in Purgatory, would work himself out, whether prayed for, or not. Sure of this fact, his relatives generally left the departed to paddle his own canoe, as it were, while they themselves minded their own business.

But how about the New Testament? What about Lazarus, in Abraham's bosom? The Lazarus of that particular passage is a type, not an individual. Dives is a type, not a person. "Abraham's bosom," is a figure of speech, meaning Heaven. If it does not mean just that, then the beautiful allegory of Christ becomes ridiculous.

Lazarus is the poor man, friendless, homeless, hungry, afflicted, despised of men. Dives is the rich man, surrounded by all the luxuries of life, wallowing in them, heedless of the suffering humanity at his gate, heedless of duties and responsibilities.

They both go the way of the flesh, and another world receives them both. Where is Dives? In hell. Where is Lazarus? In "Abraham's bosom."

The Romanists contend that the "bosom," was Purgatory!

But Purgatory is a place of torment, of unquenchable fire, where souls are roasted, for a thousand years, unless the priest is paid to get them out.

If "Abraham's bosom" means Purgatory, how did Abraham fall into it? And if it was a place of burning souls, why was Lazarus felicitated upon being there? Why did Abraham, in the midst of the cruel flames, say to Dives, in effect:

"See where the good Lazarus is resting in comfort; had you lived right, in the other world, your present position would be as happy as that of Lazarus!"

But how could Abraham have said that, if his soul was frying and broiling, in Purgatory?

And how could Dives envy Lazarus, if they were both in torment?

It must be apparent to all unprejudiced readers that Christ's allegory would be meaningless, and even absurd, if we do not make "Abraham's bosom" to mean Paradise.

The Gypsy woman playing upon the ignorance and credulity of the house-maid, has her palm crossed with silver and then tells the poor dupe that a handsome young man, rich and high-born, will be smitten by the house-maid's beauty; will sue for her hand; will lead her to the altar, and that the lovers will live happily, ever after.

If a policeman should happen to see the performance, he would arrest the Gypsy, lug her off to jail, and give against her, at her trial, the evidence which would send her into punishment as a common cheat and swindler.

If some Theosophist—like the late Helen Wilmans— plies her trade, claim-

ing to cure people of every conceivable ailment, without medicine, surgery, or personal view of the case, all the machinery of the Federal Government will be employed to ruin her business and punish her as a criminal. Because she practised on the blind credulity of her patrons, claiming to cure them by the absent treatment, the U. S. Mails were closed to her, a criminal prosecution was begun, and the prosecution was never stopped until she and her husband (C. C. Post) wre bankrupted, and practically hounded to death!

They created the ideally beautiful city of Sea Breeze, on the Atlantic coast of Florida—their dream of Life Beautiful not being disturbed by any apprehension that vindictive enemies would enter that earthly Eden, and drive them beyond the gates of happiness.

Helen Wilmans was doing what the Faith-curists still do, what the Christian Scientists do, what the Romanist priests do.

Only, Helen Wilmans did not place her patients in the ante-room of hell, before applying the "absent treatment."

In Philadelphia there is a Romanist cemetery ("The Mount Moriah") over the front gate of which appears the inscription:

"O! How I suffer in These Flames and You Will Not Release Me."

This appeal is supposed to come from a soul in Purgatory. The priests put these words into the mouth of a spirit undergoing the torments of the fires of hell's ante-chamber. The appeal is addressed—to whom?

To the priests who claim to have the power to deliver the soul from those flames? No. The cry for help is addressed to those who have not the power to pray the tortured spirit out of its agony, but who have the money which will move the priest. Without the cash, in advance, the soul in Purgatory may continue to fry and roast and broil, for centuries, so far as the priest cares.

The queer thing is, that the Romanists do not realize what a horrible light their faith and practice, as to Purgatory, puts their Papa and his priests in.

Christ came to save sinners; the Pope is His vice regent on earth; the Pope's mission is to aid souls in getting to Heaven; he and his priests could open the doors of Purgatory, and say to the souls in torment—"Come forth, ye sufferers by fire! Come out of those flames and that despair! Behold the pearly gates, where Peter stands with the keys! Wing your way Heavenward! Enter into the joys of our Redeemer! Christ yearns to receive you! The angels are ready to peal forth their ecstatic Hallelujah! With all your tortured souls redeemed and sent into the New Jerusalem, there will be such a joyful day in Paradise as has not been known there since the Son returned to the Father!"

That's the orthodox Roman Catholic faith. The Papa and his priests have the power to gladden God, gladden the angels, gladden myraids of souls in anguish. But, having this power, they refuse to gladden God, gladden the angels, and gladden the imprisoned souls, until the money is forthcoming, from their lay brethren!

Could any position be more foreign to Christianity? Could any doctrine

be more revolting to common humanity?

An earthly king, coming to his throne, or celebrating some anniversary, honors the day by throwing open the jail and releasing all political prisoners—those who have offended the king. One of the favorite pictures of the Napoleonic regime, represents the young conqueror, on the day after he became Consul, liberating those whom the revolution had confined to prisons. He rode to the Temple himself, ordered the heavy doors thrown open, ordered the immediate release of every man and woman in the prison. He remained there until he saw his commands obeyed—remained until the prisoners streamed forth, into the blessed day-light, with cries of joy and gratitude—remained there until his hands had been fervently kissed, the neck of his horse embraced—drinking as pure a joy as he was ever to know.

Wouldn't you think—O wouldn't you think! that if Christ's vice-regent had one iota of Christ's compassionate spirit, the souls in purgatorial imprisonment and torture would be called from darkness and suffering into light and happiness, without any sordid consideration?

There never was a more shocking proposition committed to language than this:

"I, the priest, have the power to transform myraids of tortured souls into radiant angels; but I will not do it, unless I am paid to do it—altho' I am a disciple of Jesus Christ and it is my calling to save souls! Unless I am paid my price, those tortured souls shall burn forever!"

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 118)

ing which have made the state and city a reproach throughout the civilized world."

* * *

THE NORTH ATLANTIC Ocean has been flown for the first time on a non-stop westward flight. Exultation and measureless admiration go out from all America to Pilot Koehl, Captain Fitzmaurice and Baron von Huenefeld on the achievement of this brilliant performance in aviation. Although the intrepid Germans and the gallant Irishman failed to reach their destination the flight was an overwhelming success, and they receive additional glory for their severe struggle with fog and sleet and the manifestation of their cool courage in skillfully maneuvering the Bremen for a safe descent on Greenely Island.

Recent messages from the frozen north reported that the trans Atlantic fliers will abandon the Bremen for the present until repairs are completed and resort to other means of transportation to New York. They deserve a great reception, and will surely receive it here. The fliers set forth with a dual purpose, that of making a record and on a mission of good will from former enemies. We will not fail to recognize and reciprocate the international good will which inspired them in their daring adventure.

NAPOLEON'S FINAL RETURN

(Continued from Page 114)

December air can keep down the fervor which makes the great city ring with cries of "Live the Emperor!"

Sixteen black horses, plumed and draped, draw the lofty funeral car over which lies the purple velvet robe, and in which is the coffin marked, at last, in letters of gold, "Napoleon." Princes of the Church came forth to meet the body; a king and his court and the proudest notables of France within to receive it.

"The Emperor!" cries the herald at the door; and the brilliant assembly rises, as one man, and makes the reverent bow to the dead man who enters.

Over all is the spell of a master spirit; over all the spell of a deathless past.

The sword of Austerlitz is handed to King Louis Philippe by Soult; and the king gives it to the faithful Bertrand; and Bertrand lays it, reverently, upon his master's coffin. The awful stillness of the great temple is broken by the sobs of gray-haired soldiers.

With a grand Requiem chant, the funeral ends; but the silent procession of mourners coming in endless lines to view the coffin lasts more than a week, bringing people from all parts of France, from Belgium, and from other lands.

Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying there in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he made famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world. The steps of those who travel, like the thoughts of those who are students of human affairs, turn from the four quarters of the earth to the tomb of this mightiest of men.

His impress lies upon France forever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France,—is cramped by no "natural limits" of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.

By force of genius and of character, by superior fitness to do great things, he was the chief usurper of his time. He is the usurper yet, and for the same reasons. He did the work kings ought to have done,—doing it in spite of the kings. He does it yet, in spite of the kings.

His hand, as organizer of the Revolution, which was greater even than he, is at the loom where the life-garments of nations are woven. Listen to this voice, coming out of Italy: "Within the space of ten years we had made (under Napoleon) more progress than our ancestors had done in three centuries. We had acquired the French civil, criminal and commercial codes; we had abolished the feudal system, and justice was administered with improved methods." So wrote General Pepe; and what he said of Italy was equally true of every other portion of Continential Europe which had come under the imperial sway. It was this work Napoleon was doing from the very first day he grasped the reins of power; it was this work the allied kings dreaded; it was this work they meant to stop.

In that he strove for himself and his dynasty, Napoleon failed miserably, for to that extent he betrayed his trust, was false to his mission, wandered from the road. But so far as his toil was for others, for correct principles, for better laws, better conditions, productive of happier homes and better men and women, he did not fail. No Leipsic or Waterloo could destroy what was best in his career: no William Pitt could pile up sufficient gold to bribe into the field kings strong enough to chain peoples as they had once been chained. In vain was Metternich's Holy Alliance, his armed resistance to liberal ideas; his savage laws, his inhuman dragoonings:—the immortal could not be made to die.

* * * *

THE FIRST PARTY

(Continued from page 119)

who could never have enjoyed daily mail without the free delivery service. It has probably done more for the general advancement of this nation in every way than any one single other reform. Morality, education, religion, business, eevery phase of live has been greatly aided by this assistance to the farmer. And it is to the People's Party movement and to their champion and leader that the farmer owes all this.

Many other reforms have been written into our laws because of the force gained by this great movement of the common people that gave Wall Street the scare of its life in the nineties. Nearly all of these reform measures have worked out as those reformers said they would work out.

Th fact that all have not so worked out is easily attributable to the fact that one great issue is still unsettled and must yet be fought out. Wall Street and the gigantic corporate interests must be crushed by the restoration to the people of the financial interests of this great nation. And that campaign must now be begun and waged without cessation until it is won.

The great speeches like that of Senator Jones in 1893 must be republished and circulated by the millions. The monetary commission report must again be circulated. And Delmar's, "The Science of Money" must again awaken a sleeping nation to action.

We speak of the People's Party movement as a third party movement. Where is the party that has succeeded in having enacted into law so many reform measures that have aided the people? All other parties combined have not done so much. Instead of being a third party movement this is THE FIRST PARTY of the last half century and must assert and maintain its position in the future and ITS RIGHT TO EXIST AS THE FIRST PARTY. The time is now ripe for a call to arms. Never in the history of any nation have the people been so ready to repudiate an old party as they are at this time ready to repudiate both old parties. Never was time so ripe for the FIRST PARTY to assert its right to existence. Let us move forward and let the nation know that we still live, LIVE BY RIGHT OF LAWS ENACTED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE, LIVE BY RIGHT OF LAWS THAT MUST YET BE ENACTED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE, which laws we alone demand and stand for.

MR. WATSON ON THE WAR ISSUES

Because of his opposition to the policies of the Wilson administration and of his fight to prevent the useless destruction of American youth for the protection of Wall Street investments. Mr. Watson was denounced as a slacker, humiliated, and woefully misunderstood.

After the formal declaration of war, however, he did not oppose the administration through his publications until President Wilson demanded the passage of the Conscription Act, at which time he entered the fight with all his heart and soul, realizing, of course, that he was championing a hopeless cause. An order soon came from Washington to the postmaster at Thomson denying the privileges of the mails to the Jeffersonian and Watson's magazine.

Two year's later he was vindicated by the people on his overwhelming election to the United States Senate

Read the four booklets listed below written by Mr. Watson on the war.

1. MR. WATSON'S EDITORIALS ON THE WAR ISSUES.
2. WHAT ARE YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.
3. ARGUMENT AGAINST THE CONSCRIPTION ACT.
4. SPEECH AGAINST THE CONSCRIPTION ACT delivered at Thomson, Ga. June 23, 1917.

PRICE 50 CENTS FOR ALL FOUR BOOKLETS POSTPAID.

THE TOM WATSON BOOK COMPANY, Inc.

THOMSON, GEORGIA.

SUB-TREASURY FOR WHISKEY

In the hands of the farmer it is the gift of life—nourishment to mankind. The rich must have it, the poor must have it. Disease flies and the cheek of the world pales at the tear of famine. Prosperity is and the health and strength of all men and beasts are assured.

In the hands of the distiller, it is the weapon of death—a pestilence to the universe. It goes among the children of men hissing malice to the murderer, carrying rags to the wife and her children, filling the squalid home with vice and crime, staining the streets with bloody riot.

But when the farmer pleads, as an escape from grievous wrongs which the Government has done him through class laws, that they allow him warehouse and loan, he is scoffed at, abused, ridiculed, insulted and ignominiously driven away.

"Equal and exact justice to all men," said the great apostle of Democratic principles.

"Special favors to corn whiskey, but none to corn itself," says the modern political bosses who wear the name of Democracy and trample upon its principles!

"From "The Creed of Jefferson, the Founder of Democracy"
Speech by Thos. E. Watson